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The harp that once the soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute as if that soul were dead.

Moore.

Were it necessary, a very brief historical deduction would prove that the druids & bards of the ancient Britons claim the same origin with the priests of Hindostan; and that the religion of the Hindoos, spreading like the diverging rays of a circle, reached the distant island of Britain, to kindle by its enthusiasm, & overpower by its wild & inexplicable mythology. Such however is not our present intention, but merely to glance at the state of poetry among that

singularly modeled society of men.

Like its pattern of imitation, the Sanscrit poetry, it abounds in that wild luxuriance of imagery, and often ingenious combination of ideas, which is ever to be found in a nation whose mythology is extremely complicated, & whose customs are as wild and as fantastic as its systems of religion. On the dark ages of British History, rests so thick a cloud, that it cannot be removed, to display to the eyes of a curious posterity their nearer affinity to a nation, separated by immense tracts of land & water, & as separated from Europe in their manners, as in their distance. The few specimens we have, however, of the literature of the ancient Druids, confirms us in our veneration, & awes us into respect.

When the foot of the victorious Roman trampled on the liberties of the

miserable Britons, the Druids began to decline in their influence, and in the lapse of a little time, fell into total extinction. The Bards of Britain, undaunted, fled to the wilds & fastnesses of Wales, or to the rugged cliffs of Scotland, where they found the glowing theme of their ministrelsy to the surviving part of their unfortunate countrymen. The poesy of those days which has been transmitted to us, rich with the colors of a lively fancy, & warm with imagination, conveys a favorable idea of the powers & the harmony of its authors. Blended with the shadowy superstitions of those days, & the dark traditions of former ages, it gives, while it soothes by its soft & sombre shading, & rouses by its warlike pomp & heroic majesty,

a melancholy picture of the darkness of the mind in those ages, & make us regret that the talents which produced such poetry, had not been more refined by the genial influence of polished society, & subdued into a chaster & more captivating style, by the milder sway of Christianity. The pensive cast of their productions is too much mingled with the ravings of superstition, & the dreams of disordered imagination.

At present, the voice of the bard & the thunder of his harp have alike died away. With the liberties of Wales, under the reign of the invading Edward, fell the genius of her bards. It has indeed, since then, occasionally shone forth in lustre; but since the days of Elisabeth, its voice has been so

faint, and its flash so dim, that we may pronounce it almost extinct. No longer do the woods, & rocks, & hills, reecho to the reverberating strain. The song of exultation, & the dirge of sorrow are heard no more. "The dark chain of silence is thrown" over the harp's proud strings.

"So sleeps the pride of former days,
So, glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!"
Moore.

Perhaps the following attempt to versify an account of the paradise of the blest, in M^c^Pherson's Introduction to the history of G. Britain, may not be altogether uninteresting to the reader. Some of the most beautiful expressions have been closely retained. Mr Southey treats it as a modern fiction. Be that as it may,

it possesses uncommon beauty; & assuming it as a genuine production, let us proceed to the paraphrase of it.

FLATH-INNIS: —

I.

Seest thou, where ocean rocks & raves,
A cliff arise amid the waves,
Wild, rugged, as the mountain riven
By the dread lightning blast of heaven?

II.

No verdure blooms upon its steeps,
No flowerets deck its sides,
It echoes to the sounding deeps,
And back rebuts their tides.
The eagle builds her airy nest
Upon its brow sublime,
The vulture smoothes his ruffled breast
And pinions swift as time.

III.

And wouldst thou deem that man could there
Take up his drear abode,
And dwell amid those sharp cliffs, where
No foot before him trod? —

Yet even there upon those heights
A Druidh* dwells alone,
His eyes have seen fate's wondrous sights,
Mid ocean's angry moan.
Who waits his nod? — The wintry wind; —
He rides the storm of heaven,
And on the heaving surge reclined,
Along the main is driven.
No human hand shall bide his power,
From that drear, rocky isle,
Where glooms the tempest's darkling hour,
And joy forgets to smile.

IV.

Yet, in the fulness of his might,
His soul is vexed & tired,
On other scenes to fix his sight
His inmost heart is fired.
"Why," cried he, "do I linger here,
"A weary wretch forlorn?
"The ocean only meets mine ear,
"Upon the tempest borne.
"By day my eye pursues the sea,
"The twinkling stars by night; —

* Druidh is the Gaelic word for a magician.

"Alas! His race how soon 'tis done —
"Now shot their trembling light.
"Oh! could I cleave the vault of heaven
"And reach those sapphire fires!
"Oh! that to me indeed were given
"To hear their heavenly lyres! —
"Vain thoughts! — adieu; — I here must stay,
"Content with bounded reign,
"And linger on from day to day,
"All higher hope in vain! —
"The wild tree waves along the shore
"Of my tempestuous isle,
"And mingles with the ocean's roar
"Its rustling leaves the while.
"Yet now, unmoved, I hear the sound —
"I curse my hapless lot, —
"I'd rather slumber in the ground,
"My griefs & cares forgot.

V.

"Roll on, ye billows; — for my hand
"Cannot allay your force,
"Or to ELATH-INNIS' lovely land
"I'd bend my rapid course: —
"Ye, careless how ye tear my soul,
"Still sweep along the main,

"And I, alone, observe your roll,
"And feel my hopes in vain.
"Hail! Emerald island of the west!
"Green landscape of the main!
"Sweet regions! where abide the blest
"Remote from care & pain!
"Around thy tempest beaten shore
"The storms of ocean yell,
"Responsive to the billow's roar —
"The lonely sailor's knell: —
"Yet, on thy meads of fragrant scent
"Ten thousand flowers are seen; —
"On thee, the sun, his vigors spent,
"Reclines in gardens green!" —

VI.

'Twas eve: — the birds were hastening home,
The sea-gulls skimmed the mowy foam,
The sun's last ~~last~~ radiance beamed along
The ocean's burnished waves among.
The Druidh, lost in thought profound,
Sate on his high & rocky ground,
Attentive to the oceans sound:
When lo! along the placid main
He saw a cloud arise; —

And instant thunders roar, & rain
  athwart the welkin flies.
The waters 'neath the weight complain
  Of that portentous cloud,
As bursting thro' the roaring bay,
With tenfold force it bends its way,
  And noise, terrific, loud.
From its dark womb — how dreary dark!
The Druidh saw advance a bark,
  Manned by no human form!
Her white sails flickered in the wind,
A hundred oars the waters find,
  And move before the storm;
Yet none was there to guide along,
She moved herself the waves among! —

VII.

Fear fell upon his aged heart —
His soul was ready to depart, —
When loudly thro' the thickening gloom,
He heard a voice, as of the tomb, —
"Behold the boat of heroes! rise!
"The green isle of the dead shall meet thine
  eyes!" —

VIII.

No form he saw; - he felt a power
Of wondrous force in that dread hour,
He moved toward the stormy bark,
And mounted, thro' the waters dark.
Quick veered the wild & swelling gale,
Propitious breathe it on the sail,
And swiftly thro' the murmuring main
He sought the land devoid of pain!
Around his swollen sail seven days
Beamed their scarce seen & glimmering rays,
And seven dark nights increased the gloom
Intenser than the lonely tomb.
Strange voices sounded, loud & shrill,
The wind's dull murmur past him still;
His eyes were closed not in sleep.
(He needed none upon that deep.)
Nor did exhausted nature crave
For food, upon the boisterous wave.

IX.

Dawns the eighth day; the billows high
On either side invade the sky;

Like hills of driven snow they seemed,
Their foamy sides in grandeur gleamed,
The self assisted bark still rode
Triumphant thro' the billow's load,
That rocked her burnished sides,
And still the white & glowing sail
Courts the mild breeze, or sweeping gale,
And still the prow divides.
The darkness thickened wides around,—
When suddenly arose a sound
As of a thousand voices shrill—
"The Isle! the Emerald Isle!"—
The waves at once were calm & still,
The heavens began to smile,
The furrowed surface of the main
Became a smooth & glassy plain,
And calm, & glorious in its light,
The land of the departed hailed his sight.

X

"The It was a sweet & placid light,
Not wild & dazzling to his sight,
But soft & lovely as the ray
That woke Creation's new-born day.

Before the druidhs gaze the isle
Spread its broad landscape with a smile,
And seemed, so sweet its vision stole,
Like a fond dream that greet the soul,
Where distance fades not on the sight,
And neamess blooms in lovely light.
Upon the hills of varied green,
Whose verdant slopes bedecked the scene,
Rested bright clouds of purple hue
Distilling streams of heavenly dew,
That, wandering down the grapey steep,
Such musical accord did keep,
As when the rapt & wondering ear
A half-touched harps far notes should hear.
The storm, that roared around the main,
Invaded not this peaceful reign,
The ocean's rippling billows washed
The sandy ~~sake~~ shore, & grapey vale,
On no tremendous rock were dashed,
Driven by no fierce & reckless gale.
No — breezes, pure as heavin's own wind
Breathed on the Happy isle,
The plains & hills in peace reclined
In ceaseless verdure smile.
And there the sun of Autumn shone

All purely from his golden throne,
And from his own blue sky spread wide
His welcome ray o'er land & tide.
The happy isle endured no night,
The sun rose from the orient rose,
Nor sought the west sea for repose,
But shining from his noon-day height,
Forever cast his glorious light.

XI.

The druidh gazed in speechless awe,
Till fair advancing forms he saw,
That took him gently by the hand
And led him o'er the happy land,
There saw he rich & fertile vales,
And streamlet roughened by no gales.
In rich abundance flowing o'er
The fields where sorrow plagues us more.

XII.

The heroes' halls arose on high
Where bloom the hills upon the sky,
There golden domes forever shine
Brighter than gold from earthly mine,
And manly forms were ever seen
Disporting on the herbage green,

And maidens, fair as thought can paint,
Tripped the light dance, without restraint,
Their beauty far more bright than when
They lived in this world of sorrow & pain,
And they seemed "ruddy lights in the island
of joy",
where beauty never fades, & where pleasure
never decay.

In a future paper, we shall give specimens of versions of the poetry of Persia & of Hindostan, in order to corroborate the assertion already made of the similarity between the productions of the east and west. There is a wide field on this subject open for the speculations of the curious, and the amusement of the man of letters; and the poet of modern days, will trace with pleasure the correspondence of imagery, of sentiment, and of expression, in these widely separated, yet justly renowned, poets. Indeed, (and

which may be the subject of some essay hereafter,) ~~the~~ an affinity with the Hindus may be traced farther than to the ancient British poetry, or the rites of the Druids; the strange religion & manners of ancient Egypt own the same original, while some of the wildest speculations of Grecian & Roman mythology were borrowed from that singularly illustrious people, whose customs & whose history will ever continue to be the theme of research, & the object of curiosity; and who, ~~in the land~~ under the influence of a gentler religion, & less unnatural habits, might have become one of the proudest nations that mankind could boast of ~~to~~ having produced.

E.